

THIS STORY BEGAN MONDAY AND WILL END SATURDAY.

# HER HEART'S DESIRE

CHARLES GARVICE

BY PERMISSION OF GEO. MUNRO'S SONS

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Decima Deane is loved by Lord Gaunt, a man of unsavory reputation. Gaunt, years before, had a telegraphic summons to the found Decima ill with brain fever and unconscious. Under the influence of her brother, Martin Thorpe, he had later aided her. Under the influence of Thorpe and his sister, a promoter named Mewton had held on Decima's father.

To save her father Decima promises to marry Mewton. She goes to London to meet her brother, who lives with Gaunt. There she encounters Gaunt. As they are talking, Gaunt's wife enters. Decima hides in the next room.

After an angry scene with Laura, Gaunt goes away. He has cut his head on a rusty nail and his shirt-front is stained with blood. A young gambler named Trevor enters, quarrels with Laura, murders her and escapes.

## CHAPTER IV. CAUGHT IN THE WEB.

WHEN Lady Pauline Lascelles returned to London in response to a telegraphic summons she found Decima ill with brain fever and unconscious. Lord Gaunt had called for Africa on the Perseus Castle. At the last moment a white-faced, sullen man, seedy from drink, had come on board. He said his name was Jackson and that he had been summoned to the Cape in haste.

The body of Laura Dalton was found by the maid who had seen Gaunt leave the chambers, and no one having seen Trevor, a web of proof connected Gaunt with the deed.

The chain of proof seemed conclusive even to those who loved Gaunt, and the Coroner's jury held him responsible for the woman's death.

Unconscious of all that was transpiring in England, Gaunt was sailing sorrowfully away from the land of the woman he loved.

Now and again Gaunt met or came across Mr. Jackson, and Jackson would always eye him sideways and give him a nod, which Gaunt returned in an absent-minded way.

One evening Gaunt was pacing up and down on his favorite part of the deck, thinking, of course, of Decima, when he saw Jackson coming toward him.

Jackson brought up his walk toward him a few yards of Gaunt, and, leaning over the vessel's side, stared out to sea with bloodshot eyes. Suddenly he put one foot on the gunwale, then drew up the other, and stood in imminent danger of falling over.

It looked to Gaunt as if the man were meditating suicide, and Gaunt sprang forward, seized him by the arm and dragged him down to the deck.

"What are you doing?" he asked, sternly.

Mr. Jackson eyed him vacantly for a moment, then he said, without a smile:

"I wanted to see if I could stand there without falling over."

"That's a dangerous experiment, wasn't it?" said Gaunt.

"Oh, it's all right," said Jackson, with a distortion of the lips which might pass for a smile. "I shan't try the experiment again."

"Don't," said Gaunt, quietly. "Nothing in the world is so bad that it might not be worse."

"How far are we off the Canaries?" asked Jackson.

"About two days' sail, I should think," replied Gaunt.

Jackson moved away, and Gaunt paced up and down. Gaunt went down to the saloon. Some one was banging away at the piano. There was the usual laughing and talking. Some of the young people were, under the shelter of the music, flirting boldly; they all looked happy and free from care.

The song proceeded, the chorus was being roared, when suddenly there came a peculiar shock and sound which struck the singers dumb.

No one knew what had happened, but through every man and woman there had run something which had sent cold fear and dread to every heart. They sprang to their feet and looked wildly at one another for a moment in silence; then the first shriek rose from a woman's lips and was instantly followed by others.

Gaunt stood near the door. He heard the captain as he passed the upper deck door pause and say calmly and sternly:

"Oblige me by keeping the passengers in the saloon, my lord!"

Gaunt closed the door and stood, with his back to it. The ship was rocking hideously like a living thing in pain, and some of the women fell to the floor or were thrown there by the mad rush of the men for the door. Gaunt stood firm and square with his legs apart.

Agas seemed to pass while he stood there, holding the crowd by the power of his eyes and voice; but presently he heard the captain's step on the stairs and he opened the door and admitted him. The captain took in the situation at a glance.

"Thank you, my lord," he said calmly and quietly, as if he were thanking Gaunt for passing the salt. Then he looked round. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we've struck on a sand bank."

He held up his hand as a cry of terror arose. "There's no need to be alarmed. There's no need for a single soul to come to harm. I always think it best to tell the truth, and the whole truth, and here it is: We're off the coast of Mogador and not very far from the harbor. The boats are ready and I'll have you all put ashore as comfortable as possible; that is if you obey orders. Now, you will please come on deck a dozen at a time; a dozen and no more. Lord Gaunt will be kind enough to point out each lot and see that the order is carried out. May I trouble you so far, my lord?"

Gaunt nodded.

He put a revolver in Gaunt's hand and went up again. The crowd watched Gaunt with eager eyes and almost seemed to cease breathing as he pointed out the first dozen—nine women and three men.

"The men will take charge of the ladies," he said, "and help them into the boat."

The captain called out: "Next lot!" and a second dozen were despatched. And so it went on.

There was only one place in the boat remaining in the last boat. Gaunt looked up the gangway. Besides himself there were only two men left on deck. One was the captain and the other, to Gaunt's surprise, was Jackson. The young fellow was very pale and his lips were apart, as if he were breathing hard.

"Now, gentlemen," said the captain, "one of you get in, please. The quicker you are away the better."

Gaunt went up the steps quickly and laid his hand upon Jackson's shoulder.

"Off with you!" he said.

Jackson's face worked heavily.

"The ship will go to pieces before the morning," panted Jackson. "It's certain death to stick by her!"

Jackson still hesitated, and Gaunt, knowing the danger of delay, gripped him by the arm, drew him down the gangway, and almost forced him into the boat.

"My God!" murmured Jackson, brokenly, and he let his head fall into his hands as he sunk into the seat.

The boat got clear, and as she moved away, the last cheer arose, and Gaunt and the captain responded to it and waved their caps. She was lost to sight in a minute, and the captain and Gaunt, after straining their eyes after her, turned instinctively and looked at each other. The captain held out his hand.

"You're a brave man, my Lord!" he said, and for the first time there was a slight tremor in his voice.

Gaunt smiled as he shook the hand.

"One might finish up in a worse way than this, captain," he said. "I suppose there's not much chance for us?"

The captain shook his head.

"Not much, my Lord," he said. "The wind's getting up; there's a hole in her bottom—don't you hear the water-rushing in?—she'll heel over before long."

There was no need to finish the sentence. "It's a pity," he added, after a moment. "A pity! She was a fine vessel, and I'm fond and proud of her."

Suddenly a big wave, which seemed mountains high, struck the side, the vessel heeled over, and Gaunt was thrown on his back. When he looked up, half-blinded by the spray, he could not see the captain. The brave man had gone.

Another wave smote the vessel, and Gaunt felt himself swept against the deck-house so violently that he was half-tumbled by the contact. A spar from the rigging lay across his chest, and instinctively he clasped it. He lay thus, for it was impossible to stand, for some minutes; then there came another wave, and, still grasping the spar, he was swept overboard.

How long he retained consciousness after he had been dashed into the sea cannot be told. To swim was impossible; the ground-swell was too violent. Mechanically he still clung to the spar. The tide was setting out to sea, and as he floated, he saw that the fog was gradually lifting, and as he was borne on the top of a wave, he looked around for the vessel. She had disappeared.

When he came to, he found, to his amazement, that he was lying in a comfortable berth in a luxurious cabin.

Two men were standing beside him. They exchanged a look, and nodded as Gaunt opened his eyes. Gaunt looked round and sighed. At that moment he was not particularly glad to come back to life.

"All right now?" said one of the men who was watching him. He was a young fellow with a pleasant voice and a pleasant smile. He was dressed in yachting costume and was smoking a cigarette.

"Where am I?" asked Gaunt, with an effort.

"On board the Sea Wolf," replied the young fellow. "My yacht. We picked you up early this morning. You've been wrecked, I suppose?"

"I was a passenger on board the Perseus Castle," said Gaunt. "She drifted on a sand bank." He spoke with difficulty, and Mr. Dobson had sense enough to stop him.

"All right," he said. "Tell us all about it when you're more fit. Try and go to sleep again. There's nothing like sleep for your case, so the doctor says. I've brought you some books and papers if you can't manage a dose."

He left the cabin, and Gaunt tried to sleep; but his head ached too much, and presently he took up one of the papers. He turned it over mechanically, and was putting it down again, when his eye was caught by a heading in large type: "The tragedy at Prince's Mansions. Verdict of wilful murder against Lord Gaunt."

He read the account in a kind of stupor, and had the paper still in his hand when Mr. Dobson re-entered the cabin.

"How have you been getting on?" he inquired. "Been reading the paper? That's right."

"Yes," said Gaunt, quietly. "I have been reading the account of the murder at Prince's Mansions."

"A terrible affair that!" cut in Dobson. "They haven't got that Lord Gaunt yet, more's the pity!"

"No," said Gaunt, raising himself on his elbow. "I am Lord Gaunt, Mr. Dobson. How soon can you take me back to England?"

(To Be Continued.)

## SNAPSHOTS CONVICT NEW YORK WOMEN OF AWKWARDNESS IN GETTING OFF CARS.



"WAIT until the car stops and always face the front!" Of course, you have read it. Also your eyes have rested fully on the illustrations accompanying the text and

you have been pleased by the picture of the crimson-clad young woman stepping blithely to the street in accordance with the dictum of the railroad company.

## A CAPE OF THE SEASON.



This cape is shown in peau de sole, with the stole of black gullupure lace over white and drop ornaments. Black, tan or white cloth, black etamine over black or white, and taffeta are equally correct, and the wrap makes a most satisfactory one.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 1/4 yards 21, 1 3/4 yards 41, or 1 5/8 yards 52 inches wide. Pattern 4367 is cut in three sizes—small, or 34 inch; medium, or 38 inch, and large, or 42 inch bust measure. It will be mailed for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

You have read it. You have seen it. But if you are a woman you don't heed it. Witness the snapshots taken at the noon hour at Broadway and Twenty-third street yesterday by The Evening World photographer. Both taken inside of ten minutes.

The first shows two typical New York matrons severely stepping off a car facing the rear, while a third, with a confident, crab-like motion, is slowly backing into the street, one hand clutching the division rail, the other apparently grabbing at space. It is probable that these very women looked but yesterday at the pictures of the right and wrong way to leave the car and read the company's friendly warning.

In a day hundreds of women get off the cars at this point and elsewhere in the same accident-lavating way. It's a wonder the hospitals aren't full of them. Columns have been written about the shortcomings of women in this respect, and almost any up-to-date New York woman would resent the suggestion that she does not know how to get off a car. Yet the camera bears witness that she does not.

Why doesn't she? Why does the Jay from Jayville continue to buy gold brooches when hardly a day passes that his daily paper does not tell him of his fellow-townsmen fallen a prey to city sharpers?

Why is there still a market for green goods, a victim for shell games? Where are the last year's snobs? Most women must have read the instructions about getting on and leaving a car a thousand times and they must know that they are not put up merely to give variety to the soap and breakfast food advertisements in line with them, but to avoid serious accidents which frequently result from ignorance on the subject. But they do not need them, nevertheless.

## CHINESE COOKS.

That the Chinaman is a cook by nature is a commonplace to us; but in his sudden inspirations for new dishes lies his weakness, for though in theory they may be logical enough the practical outcome is not always acceptable. For instance, he uses us eating jelly with our hands, and concludes that short of but, here, he may use green-gage jam for the poached eggs; or, one morning, he may send up a sweet pudding made of krapins for a pleasant surprise, and be quite hurt if the sufferers do not applaud his originality. Does not the foreigner make his jam of melons?

## USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures swollen, sweating feet, ingrowing nails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## LOO SIN TING, M. D., First of His Kind

A Novelty in Mott Street—A Chinese Doctor Who Takes a Fee from the Sick, Not from the Well.

LOO SIN TING, doctor of medicine, a graduate of the Free Hospital College of Peking, the first Chinese physician to practise among his countrymen in New York, has arrived in Chinatown. And not since all Mott street turned out with flags and rockets and colored fire to welcome the great 14 Hung Chang on his visit to this country has such a sensation been produced among the narrow-eyed celestials of this city.

In a Chinese importing shop at No. 11 Mott street the small, plump Chinaman with silken queue suggesting a shoe string and long enough to have laced the seven league boots, a complexion the color of ripe bananas and features of a refined and delicate caste, sits clad in dove gray silk upon a data surrounded by admiring countrymen. And then, while his admirers alternate between wonder and laughter, he told an Evening World reporter why he had come to New York and what he expects to do here.

"I want to practise not only among my own people, but also among Americans," said Dr. Loo Sin Ting through an interpreter. "I am already in charge of the Chinese Hospital, but it is my wish to become a regular practicing physician in New York. To do that I will have to get a certificate and some people say it will be impossible because a Chinaman cannot become a citizen. But I hope to get it all the same."

"I am a graduate of a regular Chinese college and practice medicine as it is known in modern China. There is, I believe, an idea in foreign countries that Chinese medicines are made of very nasty materials, and that one does it to make of them such horrible doses that the patient will get well in self-defense. That was perhaps the old idea, for with us doctors once thought that certain compounds of insects or bones of animals were strengthening to the human system. But they gave that up long ago."

"Modern Chinese medicines consist of certain herbs, many of them used by American and European doctors. But you have a good many minerals and acids that we do not esteem of use. Chinese medicine is, however, superior to yours in that it is made fresh for every patient. We do not keep liquid medicines as you do."

The doctor opened several of the drawers with which the walls of the little shop are lined and displayed several varieties of dried herbs.

"I keep my medicines in the herb state, and when a patient comes to consult me I decide what compounds are good for him and put them in a kettle and boil them. When it has cooked sufficiently I give it to the patient and he drinks it hot."

"Your medicines are extracts tested by law to see that they are the right strength. And of course when they are fresh they are very good. But when they are kept a long time in drug stores, as they must be, for your pharmacists buy in large quantities to save money, they lose some of their strength and consequently their value. By keeping medicines in the dried herb state we are able to estimate exactly what their strength is at the time they are taken. Besides, the patient is saved the very large percentage which I understand the drug store makes."

"You know in China a doctor is paid for keeping you well, not for curing you. You pay him while you are well a certain sum yearly, but if you have an illness his pay stops. It is therefore to the doctor's interest to cure you as soon as possible. Foreign doctors on the contrary are paid only when you are sick. So there is a great temptation to them to keep you sick as long as possible. I have adopted the foreign custom, however, since I came to New York, as I find my countrymen here are used to it."

"In China, as elsewhere, physicians now pay a great deal of attention to diet. The ordinary Chinaman, whose food is served chopped into small pieces, says of the foreign habit of cooking raw and others cooked. In China we eat the bones that you serve it as flesh on the bones that you serve it as flesh. We would meat to a dog. But I have eaten foreign dinners and liked them immensely. I think your habit of eating bread is to be preferred to ours of partaking of rice with our meals, as bread is more digestible than rice. But, of course, the Chinaman are used to rice, and will not give it up."

"You drink more milk than we do, which is good. But I have heard that there are a great many people in New York who believe in eating vegetables only, and that some of them like them raw and others cooked. In China we do not believe in raw vegetables, except a few like the onion and the tomato. We have been eating tomatoes for hundreds of years, and you have just discovered that they are good food."

"To be strong men must eat meat. Meat gives strength. Vegetables assist digestion. In China the Buddhist priests are those who merely serve the idols the temples and do not lead active lives—they are vegetarians. But they are not strong as we are. The Chinese are largely vegetarians, and they would be stronger and bigger if they ate more meat."

"What I would like to criticize in America is the corset worn by your women. I admit corsets look very nice, but they are not healthy, particularly if they are worn tight. Compression of the waist impedes the circulation. Of course you will say the Chinese ladies squeeze their waists, but what does that matter? When the blood reaches the waist it has already circulated. The waist is in the neighborhood of the heart, and to compress it is very dangerous."

Amusements.

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## SUCCESS IN LIFE FROM FACIAL TRAITS—FOUR TYPES OF TEACHERS.

By EDGAR C. BEALL, THE FAMOUS PHRENOLOGIST.

Readers over ten years of age who send their photographs to Dr. Beall will be advised through The Evening World as to their training and proper vocation. Applicants will please state the color of hair and eyes, principal nationality of ancestors, also full name and address, of which only initials will be published.



Miss B. B.—Very superior quality of mind; have high moral principles and refined tastes; judgment is comprehensive and generally logical, but best on literary and artistic lines; have a vivid imagination and are very fond of music; width between the eyes bespeaks drawing talent, memory of faces, skill in calligraphy, modelling, etc.; are not suited to a business career; are too open and confiding for a good bargainer; could become an expert stenographer and should succeed finely as a teacher, especially in some branch of art; would command respect and affection from old and young; need more self confidence.

Miss M. L.—Highly sensitive, impressionable, frank and sincere; great rectitude of mind; a capacious middle and lower forehead showing rare perceptive and retentive faculties; have an encyclopaedic knowledge and memory of facts, events, dates, names, places, etc.; should be an excellent historian, linguist and writer prominent eyes signify a remarkable command of words; can communicate ideas with ease, eloquence and clearness; are also ingenious and resourceful, but need more worldly wisdom; should engage in authorship or teaching; would excel in literary branches, music, etc.

C. E. V.—Extension of head backward from the ear reveals fondness for home, friends and especially children; are extremely affectionate, sympathetic, sociable and conciliatory; are anxious to appear well, but are rather weak in the sense of their own value and importance; have more talent to learn than dignity in applying your knowledge; development across the lower forehead is evidence of great perceptive intellect; have a talker's projecting eye; your ear is also an index of active mentality and a decided gift for music; should be very successful in some branch of educational work.

H. H. B.—High, narrow head and classic nose are better suited to intellectual pursuits than trading; have marked actual qualities and much innate love of beauty; are very affable and easily get on with people; depend on intelligence rather than force occupying; are more cautious about reputation and family matters than money; work best on a salary or where your duties do not involve grave responsibilities; with proper equipment would make a fine principal of a school; forehead is well proportioned